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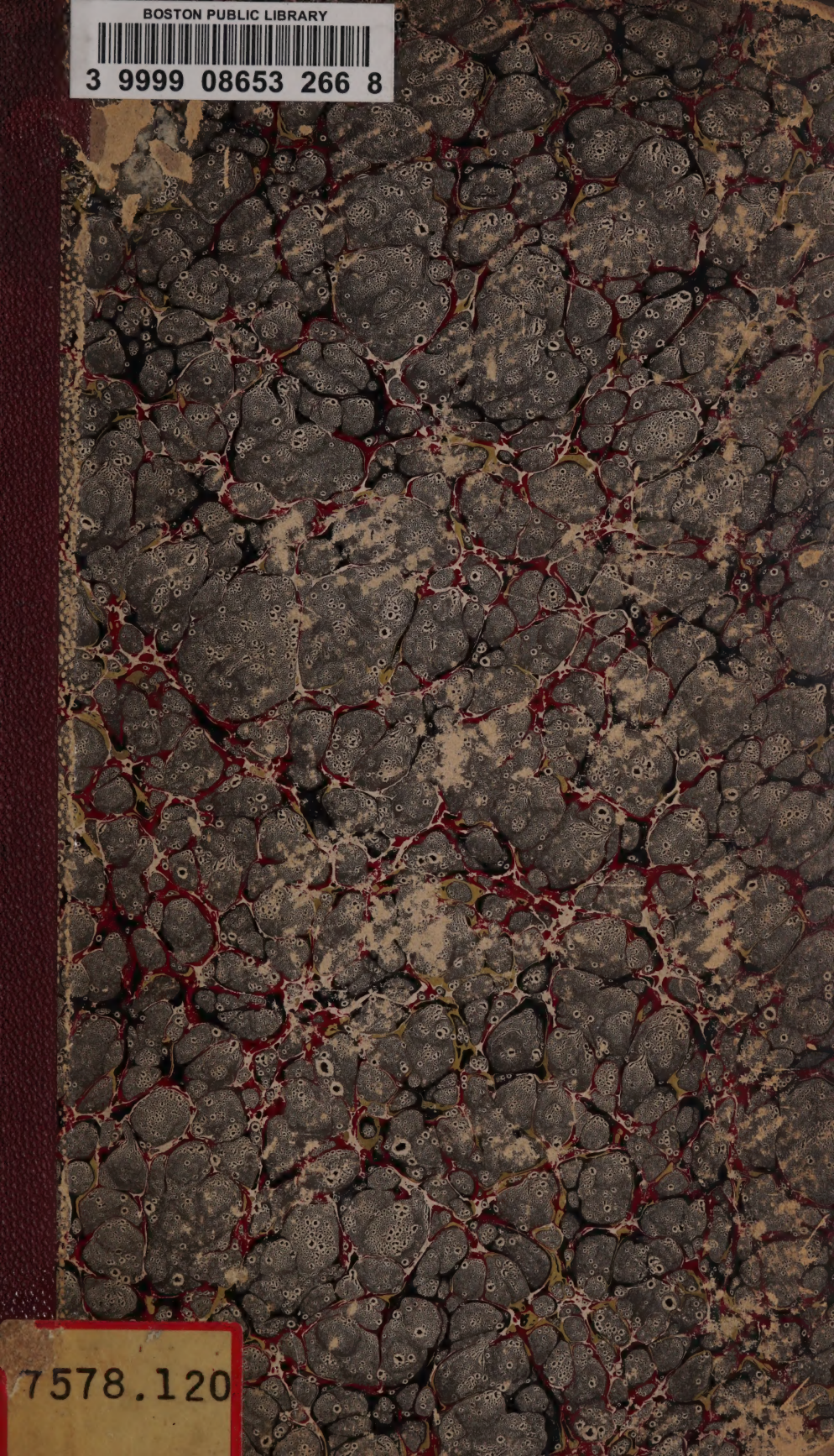

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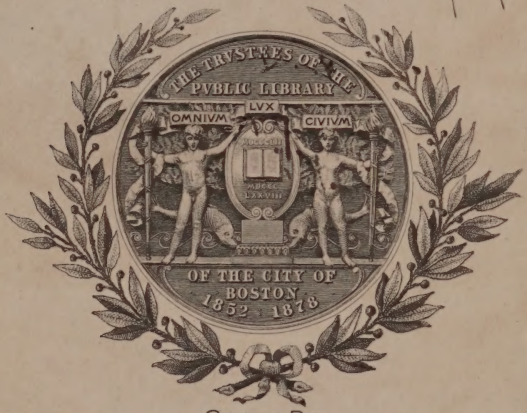

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THE

CELEBRATION

OF THE

CLXXXII^D ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

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SCOTS' CHARITABLE SOCIETY,

AT

THE PAVILION,

ON

ST. ANDREW'S DAY,

NOVEMBER 30, 1839.

BOSTON:
PRINTED FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY.
MDCCCXL.

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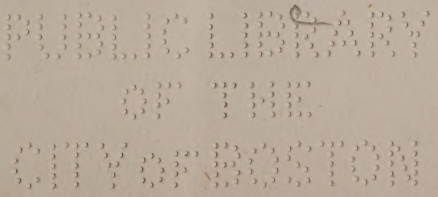

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The Society met at 3 o'clock, P. M. for the transaction of their yearly business. The following Officers were chosen for the ensuing year:

PRESIDENT.

WILLIAM H. WILSON.

VICE PRESIDENT.

JOHN L. MILLAR.

TREASURER.

JAMES KELT.

SECRETARY.

JAMES KELT, Jr.

MANAGERS.

ANDREW ALEXANDER,
THOMAS GORDON,
ALEXANDER McLENNAN,
THOMAS LIGHTON.

CELEBRATION.

After the transaction of the usual business the Society adjourned; and at 5 o'clock the members and invited guests sat down to a Dinner prepared for them by Mr. Colman, of the Pavilion. The Blessing was asked by Rev. R. C. Waterston. After the removal of the cloth, the following Preamble, from the records of the Society, was read by the Secretary:

At a meeting, 6th of January, 1657.

We, whose names are underwritten, all or the most part present, did agree and conclude for the relief of ourselves and any other for the which we may see cause, to make a box, and every one of us to give as God shall move our hearts, whose blessing and direction we do from our hearts desire to have from him who is able to do abundantly above all that we are able to ask or think, both in the beginning and managing of that which we do intend; and therefore that we may express our intention and become our own interpreters (leaving those that shall come after us to do better than we have begun) hoping that by the assistance of the Great God who can bring small beginnings to greater perfection than we, for the present can think of or expect, and likewise we hope that God, who hath the hearts of all men in his hand and can turn them which way soever he pleaseth, will double our spirits upon them and make them more zealous for his glory and the mutual good one of another; and therefore knowing our own weakness to express ourselves in this particular, we leave ourselves and it both to God and to the word of his grace, and do desire to declare

our intentions about which we have agreed;—That is to say, that we, whose names are inserted in this book, do and will, by God's assistance, give as God will move us and as our ability will bear at our first entering.

1. But, it is agreed that none give less at their first entering than twelve pence, and then quarterly to pay six pence.

2. And, that this our benevolence is for the relief of ourselves, being Scottish men, or for any of the Scottish nation, whom we may see cause to help (not excluding the prudential care of the respective prudential townsmen whose God shall cast away any of us or them) but rather as an addition thereunto.

3. And, it is agreed that there shall nothing be taken out of the box for the first seven years for the relief of any, (the box being as yet in its minority).

4. And further, it is agreed that there shall be one chosen (one of good report, fearing God and hating covetousness) quarterly, to receive the duties of said box; likewise what legacies may be left unto it.

5. And that the first box-master shall give up all the revenues of said box unto the next one that is chosen; and so continue until the company may see any inconvenience in it or cause to alter it.

6. And, it is further agreed, that our children shall have the same privilege with ourselves; they entering (when they are grown up) orderly.

7. And it is further agreed that those who doth wilfully neglect to pay their duty, and have entered for the space of a twelvemonth, together, shall have no benefit hereafter by the said box.

The names of those who first began to enter the box the 6th of January, 1657:

Robert Porteous, *first chosen box-master.*

William Cosser,	William Gibson,
Alexander Simson,	Alexander Grant,
George Thompson,	Andrew Jameson,
James Moore,	William Ballantyne,
James Grant,	William Speed,
Thomas Dewer,	James English,

John Clark,
Peter Grant,
Robert Porteous,
John Kneeland,
Thomas Palsons,
William Andersons,
James Webster,
Thomas Shearer,
John McDonald,
George Trumble,
Alexander Boyle,
John Bennet,
James Adams,
Malcolm Maktallome,
John Mason.

After the above, the Secretary also read the following Report of the Committee appointed to draw up a general sketch of the Society:

Your Committee appointed to draw up a general Sketch of the Society, beg leave to offer the following:

The "Scots' Charitable Society," originally projected in 1657, is undoubtedly among those institutions which do high honor to us, as imitating an attribute of divine benevolence "in tempering the wind to the shorn lamb." In the year 1657, a few Scotchmen of the town of Boston associated together for the purpose of raising funds for the relief of their poor and distressed countrymen, and in 1684, their numbers being considerably increased, they assumed the form of a regular Society. The Society thus constituted, continued in existence until the breaking out of the troubles of the revolution, when, on account of the loyalty of its members, who, desiring to fight neither against their native or adopted country, all retired either to the Provinces or to Great Britain: the Society was thus discontinued.

After the declaration of independence was acknowledged by Great Britain, many of the former members of the Society returned to their old homes, and in the year 1784, they with some others, petitioned and attained from the general court a charter to re-establish the Society, whose one hundred and eighty-second anniversary we have this evening met to celebrate. From this period until the war of 1812 and 13, the Society continued in a very flourishing state, its funds were ample for the charities they were required to dispense, its numbers were numerous, compared to the few to which they were afterwards reduced.

From the end of 1814, the Society continued a languishing existence for fifteen years, and in 1829, it was nearly extinguished, the number of its members being only *ten*, of whom only three or four could be called active members.

By the continued exertions of these three or four, with the aid of others whom they induced to join them, the Society has been raised to its present flourishing state. The number of its active members has been increased from five to fifty, and its income in nearly the same proportion.

During the last ten years, much good has been done by the Society; and as an instance of how *much* good a little money will do when properly applied, your committee would make mention of one case which has come before the Society, but may not be known to all its members. The facts are these: In the summer of 1837, a family of twenty-four persons came from Cape Breton, the male part were all colliers. They came to this port with the expectation of obtaining employment at the Mansfield Coal Mines; but on their arrival they found them stopped. After paying their passage and other incidental expenses, they had nothing. Indeed at the time of their applying to the Society they were in a state but little short of desperation. The Society took their case in hand, and gave all it could from the treasury and applied individually to some of its members, and to the British Consul. (Your committee would here pause to make mention of the very generous manner in which Mr. Robert Manners, then vice-consul, answered their request by giving forty-six dollars.) In short, by the above means the Society was enabled to send the whole family, (excepting two, who found employment here,) to Pennsylvania, where they obtained work immediately, and in our last accounts from them they were doing well.

There are numerous other examples on our records, which we could instance, but this we deem sufficient to establish that the grand object for which the Society was constituted is fully carried out by those to whom you entrust the authority of dispensing your charities.

Your visiting committee effect another amount of good which we are unable to calculate, in the advice which they are enabled to give their poor and distressed countrymen.

Many thanks are due to the members who have at different times been upon this committee, for the zeal with which they have performed their duties, but, verily they have had their reward in the pearly offering of thankfulness; for the tear which trickles down the cheek of honest gratitude is one of Nature's hieroglyphics, and speaks in a language which the confusion of tongues did not corrupt.

These crude remarks your committee offer for your acceptance. They are intended to rouse and stimulate the members of this Society to renewed exertion. There are undoubtedly in this city and vicinity, numbers of our fellow countrymen who know not of our Society and its claims to their notice. To them we wish its existence to be made known, and their aid solicited to extend our means of usefulness. We boast of being the oldest charitable institution in the Union; it should now be our aim to make it the best within its legitimate sphere of action.

All of which your committee respectfully submit.

JAMES KELT, JR.
JOHN L. MILLAR.

The following regular Toasts were then drank:

1. The Memory of that little band of Brothers who, in 1657, in the Town of Boston, first unfurled that Banner of Charity, under which we this day congregate.

2. Saint Andrew's Day, and all who celebrate it.
Song—Here's a health, bonny Scotland.—J. Lighton.

3. The Queen, God bless her.

After this toast the National Anthem of God Save the Queen was sung, after which Mr. GRATTAN, her Britannic Majesty's Consul, rose and said—

In compliance with your call, Mr. President, I rise cheerfully, to return in a few words a feeble echo to the animated chorus which has just been chanted, by so many voices, in honor of my youthful sovereign. The fastidious ear of a

practised musician might possibly have detected, here and there among us a discordant note; but the feelings which inspired the strain—good fellowship, Home affection, and national union—are never out of tune.

It is indeed, sir, most gratifying to me to have to acknowledge this tributary offering of good will to the Queen of England, in the heart of this great Republic, by an assembly combining so many of the best elements of a public meeting with the kindly sentiments of a social party. Very few of the gentlemen present owe political allegiance to Victoria; and her health has been drunk with this general enthusiasm, not so much because she is a powerful Queen, but that she is an interesting, young, and right-hearted woman, and above all that she is an *English-woman*, and that joined with her personal claims to respect and affection, her name forms a rallying point for the sympathies of all of us who by birth or by blood derive our common descent from the United Kingdom. It would be presumption in me, sir, to say I return thanks on behalf of the Queen of England for the compliment paid to her; but I will say that it has been paid in a manner which has given me great delight, and of which Her Majesty might well be proud.

Mr. President, this cordial feeling towards the Mother Country and its Sovereign has been repeatedly evinced in the various festive meetings which have taken place since my arrival in Boston: yet pleased as I have been at such eloquent evidences of good will on other occasions, I confess that I have not on any of them felt such thorough enjoyment as I do to day, when I am carried back by fancy to the time long past, in which I enjoyed the sports and the hospitality of the Highlands, or the refined and intellectual society of Edinburgh;—and the intimation just now kindly made to me by the President, that I have been admitted an honorary member of *this* society, to whose banquet I was invited as a guest, emboldens me in the utterance of these observations; for I feel entitled—for this night at least—to the privilege of considering myself a Scotchman. But I must not abuse my right of brotherhood, nor trespass too long on your attention. I will only draw it for a moment to the great advantage arising to us all from the public observance in this way of

our various national festivals—at once drawing closer the ties of social relationship among ourselves, and strengthening and extending those which unite us to the people of the country in which we sojourn for a period, or are fixed for life.

Many of you, gentlemen, are native Americans or naturalized citizens of the Union, and have consequently numerous advantages over us who are but birds of passage in the land; who, like the gentleman on my right, (the President of the English Charitable Society,) are here in the honorable pursuit of commercial enterprise; or, as another of your guests to day, (Mr. Combe), on a transient visit, pouring out the treasures of his intellect for our improvement; or, as I am myself, in a public capacity in the service of a foreign government. But, gentlemen, we who have the wide Atlantic between us and our home possess one precious immunity, which the native or naturalized citizen can scarcely claim—that of meeting together on a day like this, with all the asperities of political or party feelings washed away, as it were, by the ocean we have traversed, or merged in the one great principle of national attachment. For the encouragement of this feeling we are united in certain Societies, English, Scotch, and Irish, and in the sacred cause of Charity. But Charity, like all the best sentiments of our nature, may be practised, if I may be permitted the expression, by both wholesale and retail. The latter method is confined to the distribution of dollars and cents to unfortunate objects requiring relief; the former is the exercise of that more extended benevolence which leads us to cultivate the friendship of our fellow-men, whatever may be their country or their creed, which expands the heart and elevates the mind, and leads to such alliances as that which now subsists between America and England. And it is to the advancement of that broader, if not better, exercise of charitable feeling, which meetings, such as this, so preëminently tend.

You, gentlemen, who are properly speaking Scotsmen by birth or connection, maintain a proud position in this country. You are universally looked on with esteem. All men are ready to offer the homage of their regard to your national character, and individual worth. But unfortunately it is

not so, in a general sense, as regards the natives of the country in which, notwithstanding, I am proud to have been born. There is no disguising the fact that be the causes what they may—and I will not enter on them now—there does not exist in this part of the world that unalloyed consideration for Irishmen which your countrymen deservedly possess; although I know there is a willingness to admit that, with all his faults, the Irishman possesses some intrinsic merits. For my own part I may truly say I never was *so* proud of being an Irishman as since my residence in this city; for I have every day had opportunities of discovering a fund of estimable qualities in my poorer and certainly unappreciated countrymen, on which I will not here expatiate. But in the constant efforts which my situation here may give me opportunities of making for the furtherance of good feeling and the softening of prejudices, I do look confidently to the coöperation of this Society, as well as to that of the rest of our community of whatever country or denomination; for I consider it an object of individual as well as general duty, to cherish that international friendship, on which so much of the prosperity and happiness of both Old England and New England depends.

And now, gentlemen, I sit down, sensible that the best exertions of *your* charity is required to pardon me for this long, but unpremeditated, intrusion on your time and patience.

4. The President of the United States.

Song—The Star-spangled Banner.—J. L. Millar.

5. Massachusetts, and her distinguished Chief Magistrate.

On the announcement of this toast, Governor Everett said,—

I rise, Mr. President, to tender you my sincere thanks for the flattering notice, with which you and the company have been pleased to honor me. I can say with entire truth, though I am unconnected by any national association with this occasion, that I have cordially entered into its spirit. Though I am a republican by principle and feeling, I am not so much of a stoic, as not to have had my sympathies

touched, while your national anthem was sung with such spirit and feeling. It is a beautiful spectacle to witness this voluntary tribute of respect paid, at the distance of three thousand miles, to the youthful sovereign of Great Britain, by a company like this, who, though the children or descendants of Scotland, with few exceptions, (as was observed by H. M. Consul on my right,) owe her at present no political allegiance. It would be a pleasing incident if it stood alone. But it is not your solitary act. You do but add your voices to a strain, which is almost literally echoing round the globe. On this day, dedicated to your patron saint, the tribute of respect, which you have just paid to the maiden majesty of your father-land, is repeated by the sons of Scotland, wheresoever their lot is cast at home or abroad, from the utmost Orkneys to the Cape of Good Hope and from Canada to Hindostan; with no difference but that of time, as the evening star, rising successively on each region of the world-encircling empire of England, appoints the hour of the social gathering, and summons the sons of Caledonia to their patriotic vespers.

I thank you, Mr. President, for allowing me to partake your hospitality on this occasion. I was not aware till I received your kind invitation, that there existed among us an institution like this, coeval almost with the settlement of the country. It would be doing injustice to a Society of this description, though it may bear a foreign name, to regard it as an institution of foreigners. Some of you, gentlemen, trace your descent, I presume, from ancestors who came to this country with the second, perhaps with the first, generation of its settlers. Among the names of the original founders of the institution, as preserved in one of the ancient record books, kindly put into my hands by my friend Mr. Gordon, I recognise some which still subsist among us, and which stand as high in the respect of the community as they did one hundred and eighty years ago.

It is a principle deeply wrought into the destinies of America, that settled originally in times of trial and convulsion in Europe, it should, at all subsequent periods, afford a refuge to those, who might be driven abroad by the storms of fortune, or who, from a desire of bettering their condition

in life, should go forth from the crowded populations of the elder world, and follow the guidance of an honest spirit of adventure to the new found continent. Accordingly we find that, in the higher paths of state, swept as they are by the tempests of revolution, regicide judges in ancient times, and in our own times fugitive kings have found a safe retreat on our shores. In the quiet and happier walks of private life, there has at all times been an active resort from Europe to America; and I doubt not that, at this moment, in more than one foreign country, many a loving and aching heart, waiting to receive the summons to follow those who have gone before, is able to respond to the plaintive strain of your immortal Burns,—

> I turn to the west, when I gae to my rest,
> That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
> For far in the west is he I loe best,
> The youth that is dear to my bairn and to me.

Now, sir, among all those, who, coming from every country in Europe, have brought hither the qualities by which they are characterized at home,—whether it be the firm and manly Englishman, the ardent and generous son of Erin, the mercurial and generous Frenchman, the sedate and industrious Hollander or German, there is none who has proved a better citizen in his new home, than the punctual, intelligent, and conscientious Scot. We of New England ought to give you this credit, for both those, who in a serious strain are disposed to pronounce our eulogy, and those, who in a lighter mood make merry with our foibles, ascribe to us pretty much the same merits and defects of character. I may say therefore, though to this extent a party interested, yet with so much the greater claim to be believed sincere, that there is no people in Europe or America, among whom the Scottish emigrant has reason to blush for his native land. You are not numerous here, sir. I am sorry for it; and I hardly know why it is so; for I suppose we should be unwilling, on either side, to acknowledge the validity of the reason, which has sometimes been assigned for the fact, viz. that we Yankees are too canny for you.

Your Society, sir, as the secretary, in his very handsome

report has informed us, was founded near two hundred years ago. Scotland was then an independent kingdom. Not merely independent, she had, more than half a century before, sent her sovereign to sit upon the throne of the sister realms. Although in the particular year in which the Society was established, in 1657, the monarch of his proscribed lineage was, perhaps like some of your founders, wandering in foreign lands dependent on the stranger for protection, yet three years had scarcely elapsed, before he was triumphantly restored. At the close of the century, however, the separate sovereignty of Scotland was merged in the Union of the kingdoms; in consequence of the superior wealth and numbers of the English, the local sceptre of the ancient monarchy departed for ever; and the crown of Bruce was locked up in a dusty chest in Holyrood-house, never more to be drawn forth, but as an object of antiquarian curiosity, or as a melancholy show. But let not the patriotic son of Scotland lament the change. The sceptre of mind can never pass away; she has won for her brows a diadem, whose lustre can never be obscured. Not to speak of the worthies of ages long passed; of the Knoxes, the Buchanans, and the early minstrelsy of the border; the land of your fathers, sir, since it ceased to be a separate kingdom, has, through the intellect of her gifted sons, acquired a supremacy over the minds of men, more extensive and more enduring, than that of Alexander or Augustus. It would be impossible to enumerate them all,—the Blairs of the last generation, the Chalmerses of this; the Robertsons, and Humes; the Smiths, the Reids, the Stuarts, the Browns; the Homes, the Mackenzies; the Mackintoshes, the Broughams, the Jeffreys, with their distinguished compeers, both in physical and moral science. The Marys and the Elizabeths, the Jameses and the Charleses will be forgotten, before these names will perish from the memory of men. And when I add to them those other illustrious names—Burns, Campbell, Byron, and Scott, may I not truly say, sir, that the throne and the sceptre of England will crumble into dust like those of Scotland: and Windsor Castle and Westminster Abbey will lie in ruins as poor and desolate as those of Scone and Iona, before the lords of Scottish song shall cease to reign in the hearts of men.

For myself, sir, I confess that I love Scotland. I have reason to do so. I have trod the soil of the

> Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and the flood.

I have looked up to the cloud-capt summit of Ben Lomond; have glided among the fairy islets of Loch Katrine; and from the battlements of Stirling Castle, have beheld the links of Forth sparkling in the morning sun. I have done more, sir; I have tasted that generous hospitality of Scotland, which her Majesty's Consul has so justly commemorated; I have held converse with her most eminent sons; I have made my pilgrimage to Melrose Abbey, in company with that modern magician, who, mightier than the magician of old that sleeps beneath the marble floor of its chancel, has hung the garlands of immortal poesy upon its shattered arches, and made its moss-clad ruins a shrine, to be visited by the votary of the muse from the remotest corners of the earth, to the end of time. Yes, sir, musing as I did, in my youth, over the sepulchre of the wizard, once pointed out by the bloody stain of the cross and the image of the archangel:—standing within that consecrated enclosure, under the friendly guidance of him whose genius has made it holy ground; while every nerve within me thrilled with excitement, my fancy kindled with the inspiration of the spot. I seemed to behold, not the vision so magnificently described by the minstrel,—the light, which, as the tomb was opened,

> broke forth so gloriously,
> Streamed upward to the chancel roof,
> And through the galleries far aloof:

But I could fancy that I beheld, with sensible perception, the brighter light, which had broken forth from the master mind; which had streamed from his illumined page all-gloriously upward, above the pinnacles of worldly grandeur, till it mingled its equal beams, with that of the brightest constellations, in the intellectual firmament of England.

In taking my seat, sir, I beg leave to renew my thanks for the honor done me, and to propose as a toast:—

The Scots' Charitable Society, the prosperity of the institution, and the welfare of each of its members.

6. The City of Boston and those who fill her high places. Like a Queen she rises from the ocean, and queen-like she sits among her sister cities.

The Mayor, SAMUEL A. ELIOT, Esq., rose in answer to this toast, as follows:

Mr. President, I find myself in the same unfortunate predicament to which I have been so often exposed, that I have almost got used to it. At all events, I will make no complaints; and I will merely observe that the only fault I have to find with his Excellency's administration is that he leaves nothing for any one to say after him upon such occasions as this. He made an allusion to the similarity of the characteristics of the Scot and the Yankee. It gives me pride and pleasure to believe in the existence of such a similarity. I will not say that we rival them in their merits;—it would be difficult to do that,—but I will say that we appreciate those merits, enjoy them, and are emulous of them.

In looking at the history of civilization in this once remote corner of the world, it is impossible not to see how large a share the influence of Scotland has had in forming the character that predominates among us. Our pilgrim fathers derived a great portion of their stern firmness of principle, their religious enthusiasm, their all-pervading sense of duty, from the persecuted, but persevering bretheren of the Kirk of Scotland; and I thank God that amid all the changes of the world, and all the mischievous influences of prosperity, excitement, selfishness and conceit, there is yet left among us a remnant of the high and noble enthusiasm of the Covenanters. At least we can sympathize with them, when we read the tale of their wrongs and sufferings.

Not merely do we derive some traits of character from the Scot, but some of our institutions may be traced to the same origin. Especially I would mention our system of common schools, of which the prototype has long existed in Scotland, and which has only been modified here to meet the necessities of our situation.

In physical science, too, this, country is peculiarly indebted to yours. What should we be without the steam engine? And what were the steam engine without vour

illustrious countryman? He has conferred blessings on the world, which have brought forth fruit a hundred fold in the fertile soil of America; and it is a beautiful coincidence that many of those vessels which are the means and the messengers of civilization, which are adding to the facilities of intercourse, and consequently to the kindness and cordiality of intercourse between two nations and two hemispheres, are sent to receive their machinery to the birth-place of James Watt. The British Queen took her engines on board at Greenock; and the fine boats which your enterprising countryman will soon send to this port, will take their machinery from the hands of the countrymen, townsmen, and almost the pupils of Watt, at the same place.

But I will not dwell altogether upon such wide and general topics. I have personal obligations to your country and your countrymen, which I wish to acknowledge. The very first poetry which I ever read with pleasure, in my boyish days, was written by your immortal compatriot; and you can imagine, no you cannot imagine—with what delight, after having been flogged through Virgil, and dipping into the terrors of Homer, and hearing of the beauties of Milton, I fell upon the sweet enchantments of the Lady of the Lake. The impression has remained to this moment, deep and ineffaceable. The first philosophy, too, which, in my youth, I could even pretend to understand, was that of the Scottish school; and while I acknowledge my obligations to them, I must take the opportunity to return my thanks to a living philosopher, who has penetrated still farther into the mysteries of human nature, and done much for the progress of mind in this interesting study. The very best histories, also, which have been produced of my "father land" as well as yours, have come from Scotland; and the last is still the best. The glory of Hume himself fades before the brighter splendor of Mackintosh, whose profound, just, and sagacious mind has given new value to this department of literature.

Allow me to add that I too have been in Scotland; and one of the happiest portions of my life was the short period I had the good fortune to pass in kind, hospitable, warm-hearted Scotland. The picturesque beauty of the land, the

historic, or romantic interest, attached to almost every rood of her soil, which the mighty magician of the north has rendered familiar, the wonders of art and the charms of nature were combined with the kindly qualities constantly showing themselves in the intercourse of daily life, to render my visit to Scotland delightful at the time, and delightful in the recollection.

With all these personal reasons for interest in Scotland, added to those which I share in common with all my countrymen, who owe many of their proudest privileges to your native land, and in common with every citizen of the world, who can understand the language of McKenzie, Burns, Scott, Campbell, and the thousand other bright ornaments of our common literature, a little enthusiasm on the subject might be pardoned, and even expected in me; and I assure you I cannot express more than I sincerely feel.

Before I sit down, allow me to thank you for the manner in which you have taken notice of the city and her officers, and in her name to welcome you most cordially to this home of your adoption.

In the rearing of animals, (and I believe it is especially true of man) the crossing of the breed is thought to be often advantageous; and I cannot but hope that the constant and rapid mingling of the blood of England, Scotland and Ireland, which is going on in this country, may tend to improve the whole and may eventually render America a scion of which neither branch of the present stock may have reason to be ashamed. I offer you as a toast,

America—May she never forget the debt she owes to the generations that are past, nor that which she must pay to the generations that are to come.

7. The Author of the *Constitution of Man*, as a moral philosopher and a philanthropist, he is an ornament to his country and a benefactor to his race.

Mr. Combe said that he was taken entirely by surprise in being called on to acknowledge the distinction that had been conferred on him by the honorable the Mayor and the company, and must trust to the impulses of the moment for a few observations. He rejoiced to meet so many of his countrymen, and to find them appreciated and welcomed,

in this great and free nation. It is said that Scotsmen are clanish, and draw together wherever they meet. He had seen his countrymen in lands where he was told that the very walls had ears, and reported speech to an all-searching and soul-repressing police: but under such a sway the sons of the mountain and the heath were not at home,—Cradled in liberty, they loved to breathe the air of freedom. He returned thanks for the encomiums which had been paid to his country and to his countrymen by his Excellency the Governor, in a speech eminently distinguished for correctness of observation, analytic discrimination, and for the glow of a classic and refined eloquence. He well remembered the first time, shortly after his arrival in this country, he had the pleasure of meeting His Excellency. In Europe he (Mr. C.) had seen sovereigns surrounded by the waving plumes and glittering armor of a numerous mercenary soldiery; they moved gorgeously in all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious (or as *he* should express it, *inglorious*) war. He was first introduced to the Chief Magistrate of the Independent State of Massachusetts, who filled the same office in this State that a Sovereign does in Europe, in a railroad car, travelling with other citizens to Taunton, to attend a convention on the great subject of the Common Schools of the district. Did he value him the less, because he saw him unaccompanied by the external marks of authority and power. No! He recognised in him the dignified representative of man's moral and intellectual nature, which needs no sounding of trumpets, no glittering of armor, no proud parade, to indicate its presence and its intrinsic worth. He meant no treason to his country, when he said that he regarded the sovereignties of Europe, each with its particular interests, nobility, churches, and laws, as mere sections of the great family of mankind, while the United States appeared like the home of that great family itself. The stranger from every clime is welcomed to these shores, and every social and political privilege which they themselves enjoy is freely proffered on a footing of equality to all who chose to make these lands their home. The institutions of the United States are founded in a sublime faith in the doctrine that civilized and christian men, when left to the free

action of their own minds, will love the just, the good, and the true; and in her magistrates he (Mr. Combe) saw the outward representatives of this ennobling principle. He trusted that the people of the Union would strain every nerve to become worthy of the grand conceptions formed of human nature by the great and the wise founders of their government and laws. All that is good is permanent. The history of this Benevolent Scottish Association is a remarkable illustration of the truth of this proposition. There is a solemn eloquence in the sentences which had just been read, setting forth the objects and views of its founders, which he had seldom seen surpassed. Their aim was charity, and their trust was in the living God. How admirably had the soundness of that faith been exemplified in its subsequent history. It was now one hundred and eighty years, since they wrote those solemn words, and how many thrones and private fortunes had risen and fallen within that period; yet this Society still subsists. True, the hours of darkness and misfortune had come upon it, and once, its operations had been suspended, and more than once it had languished; but mark the sequel. The soul of beneficence never dies: As soon as the storms of the political horizon had dispersed, its members re-united, resumed their blessed labors, and the association sprung like the Phœnix from its ashes, and flourished again in youthful vigor. This should give us faith in the stability of every institution that has beneficence for its objects. It is founded on the Rock of Ages, and no human might, nay not even the powers of darkness, will ever prevail against it. Mr. C. returned his grateful acknowledgments for the honor that had been done to him and the great pleasure he had enjoyed at this meeting.

8. The British Charitable Society, and its members—too well known and appreciated by all here to need any commendation.

And who can doubt
That they are blest,
Who are the most beloved
By those *who know* them best.

Song—Merry in the Hall.—Thomas Lighton.

In answer to this toast, W. S. Skinner, Esq., President of the British Charitable Society, rose and said,—

Gentlemen,—On behalf of the British Charitable Society, I offer you my warmest thanks for the kind expression of your brotherly feelings, which I can assure you is fully reciprocated.

In communicating it to that institution it will be received and responded to with the utmost cordiality.

There is a charm in the name of *Old England* that rivets the affections of every British bosom; but it may be probable that by the gigantic course of *steam*, the term will be obliterated, and a succession of arrivals of steam ships may be compared to a chain bridge uniting us all in one great family.

Allow me to call to your remembrance the late esteemed representative of the British Empire in this city, now in retirement—may he enjoy every blessing that can be bestowed upon him. His *successor's* fame had reached the Atlantic shores, long before we had the pleasure of his personal acquaintance; that being made, I hope that I do not assume too much in adding that my friend has arrived with usefulness for his purpose and philanthropy in his nature.

9. The Irish Charitable Society—in its institution, honorable to human nature; by all to whom it is known, honored.

Song—Rory O'More.—William Lighton.

Daniel O'Callaghan, Esq. rose and said,—

Mr. President,—As the humble representative of the Charitable Irish Society, I beg leave to return my sincere thanks for the very flattering manner in which the foregoing sentiment has been received; and sir, I sincerely rejoice that such a friendly feeling is evinced towards us, and I do assure you, sir, it shall be warmly reciprocated. It is, sir, as it should be; for however we may differ in particular points, there can be no room for difference of opinion in the objects our respective Societies have in view—charity. In whatever manner the virtue may be practised, still the heaven-born maid must be loved; under her broad mantle there can be no room for discord. Sir, the experience of nearly two centuries has proved the utility of your Society in relieving and cherishing the distressed emigrant, and the report just

read by your secretary, gives gratifying proof that the benevolence which formed it is still active. Many who hear me, have experienced that bitter anguish which the poor emigrant feels (and sir, it must be felt to be realized,) when his too sanguine, perhaps unreasonable anticipations are so sadly disappointed. How consoling to him then, to have such a Society as this to apply to, not merely for pecuniary relief, but what may be of much more importance to him, advice.

But sir, it is not only in relieving the distressed, that such societies are useful. True, it is their highest and most noble duty, but is it not also laudable that by such means the love of country is cherished? How gratifying, at our annual festivals, to recall to our minds the homes of our infancy, the scenes of our boyhood! Cold must the heart be that is not warmed by such endearing recollections. But it may be said, yes sir, it has been said, that in this, our adopted country, such sentiments would be a divided allegiance. But sir, I love my wife, but I must reverence my mother; and it is an old adage, that a bad son never made a good husband.

Sir, I consider it a duty to teach my children to respect the land of their ancestors and to study its history, not that they should grow up distinct from their fellow-citizens, but that they should be ever ready to assist the poor wanderer from the land of their fathers, not to sneer or scoff at the strangeness of their language or apparel, but to extend to them the open hand of charity.

The Creator, in commanding his chosen people to show kindness to the stranger, enforced the command by desiring them to remember, that they were strangers in the land of Egypt. I therefore sir, teach my son to extend the hand of sympathy to the poor wanderers he may meet with from the land of his ancestors, and to remember, that his father had also been a stranger in a strange land.

Permit me, sir, to offer as a sentiment—Old Scotia, who limited the career of Rome's conquering legions, the land of a Wallace and a Bruce, a Burns and a Scott. When bravery, integrity, and industry are required, there can be no mistake in calling on her sons.

10. The Parish Schools of Scotland—the best monuments of the wisdom of their founders, are the fruits of their moral influence on the national character.

Song—My ain Kintrie.—James Crighton.

Here the President rose and said,—Gentlemen, our distinguished guest, Governor EVERETT, has just retired. Before leaving the table, he observed to me that one of his family was indisposed, and although he had spent a very pleasant evening with us, he felt anxious to be at home.

Gentlemen, I can say nothing that will tend to elevate Governor Everett's talents and principles in your minds. And I want no better evidence than his wish to be at home, to show me that his heart and feelings are in the right place.

Gentlemen, I will give you the following sentiment, with all the honors:—EDWARD EVERETT—As preëminent for his social and domestic virtues, as for his talents and learning.

11. The Poets of Caledonia—may their lyre resound, while there is a bird to warble in their woodlands, or blossoms a flower to scatter its fragrance to the unfettered breeze.

Song—Scots wha hae.—W. M. Bayne.

ROBERT HAMILTON, Esq. rose and said,—

The compliment which has been so kindly bestowed upon my distinguished countrymen requires the warmest acknowledgments of gratitude; and I regret extremely that the duty should have devolved upon one so incapable as I am to do justice to the subject.

It has been truly said that "*nature, not art alone, makes the poet,*" and in no country or period of time has the remark been more fully exemplified than among the sons of *Scottish song*. For the most part they were born in poverty, nurtured in obscurity, and doomed to wither in neglect. To prove this I need only mention the names of Ramsay, Ferguson, Burns, Hogg, Tannahill and a host of others, sons of the poor and friendless, who unaided by education, or cherished by patronage, by the mere force of their genius alone have won for themselves the garland of immortality, and yet perhaps the neglect they experienced was to them a blessing. Being left to commune in the solitude of their hearts they looked upon nature with an eye of truth, and

unfettered by the rules of art, sang their loves and joys, their hopes and fears in the spontaneous language of simplicity. And how they have sung them, all earth is witness. In the cottage of the peasant, in the palace of the prince, yea, wherever the foot of civilization has dared to penetrate, is the lyre of Scotland to be heard. Sprung from the same soil, and I may say reared almost in the immediate vicinity of their homes, I feel as if here a sacred duty rested with me to do honor to their memories—but though my heart is in my vocation, my tongue I feel is unable to perform it. I shall no longer therefore trespass upon the time when there are more fitting voices to amuse and instruct you. But as a son of Scotland I feel happy that in any shape I have been able to utter my thanks of gratitude for the honor you have conferred upon the poets of my country. In behalf of the living ones, I say, may they add fresh flowers to the garland of Scottish poesy. For the departed, Peace to their ashes!—honor to their memories!—immortality to their names! And now allow me to give a toast which I am sure will be responded to with feelings of pleasure by every gentleman present:—

The Poets of America—May their lay be heard while there is a songster in their forests to hymn its matins at the golden portals of the morning.

12. The Land of our Nativity—in all countries and in all times, in the gloom of misfortune or in the glory of prosperity, be it ever the star of our devotion in memory's horizon.

Song—The spot where I was born.—J. L. Millar.

Mr. Combe begged to be indulged in proposing a toast. Before announcing it, however, he would remark, that although he had highly admired the intimate acquaintance of his Excellency with Scottish history, literature, scenery and manners, there was one point in which his allusion to the history of his country was not literally correct. His Excellency had spoken of Scotland as having become merged in the British nation. This politically speaking, was true; but as a Scotsman, he, Mr. C., was bound to say, that Scotland had never surrendered her national existence. Her fields were often drenched with the blood of her sons,

and blanched with their unburied bones; her hearths were rendered desolate; and the ploughshare of destruction tore up almost every rood of her soil, in her contests with England, for independence; but she was ever free. These noble struggles had not been in vain. At this moment her sons and daughters live under the protection of their own laws, the equals and copartners of England, in a united empire. From the hour of Scotland's union with England, she had been treated with justice and respect. Wherever a Scotsman traveled, if the history and character of his nation were known, he was received with consideration and kindness. This stamp of national independence was a boon to every son of Scotland. In this country, where also freedom had been purchased at the expense of deep tribulation, the quality could be appreciated; and he would assure Americans that their national struggles for independence invested every individual among them who visited a foreign shore, with a prepossession in his favor in the minds of liberal and enlightened men. His object in rising was to propose the health of their Vice-President, Mr. JOHN L. MILLAR, to whose exertions this evening, distinguished at once by talent and good taste, he was certain every member of the company felt indebted for much of their enjoyment. He gave health, happiness and prosperity to Mr. Millar, with all the honors.

Mr. MILLAR said he was much obliged to the gentlemen present for the very favorable manner in which they had been pleased to notice him, and regretted that he was unable at this time to make such a return as he felt he wished to. He would content himself by wishing them all health and happiness, and hope that they might often meet as they did to-night, as brothers in the cause of charity.

13. The Ladies—though *last* on the *list*, they are *first* in our *hearts*.
Song—Green grow the rushes O.—W. M. Bayne.

On the Rev. Mr. Waterston's retiring, the Chair gave—*The Clergy of Boston*—They shew forth the truth of their doctrine by the purity of their lives.

The President here rose and said,

Gentlemen,—Our worthy Mayor has retired. He has, during the evening, expressed to me the satisfaction he felt in the nomination of his successor in office; and this occasion, he said, had furnished him additional gratification at the time when he was so well prepared to enjoy it.

I give you, gentlemen—The health and prosperity of SAMUEL A. ELIOT, with all the honors.

By THOMAS GORDON. Mr. President,—With your permission I will offer a toast, asking pardon for interrupting the regular proceedings of the meeting; but my feelings are such, that they can neither be restrained nor expressed. Allow me to congratulate you and the members of this Society on the "rich intellectual feast" with which we have been honored this evening. It is such as every Scotchman should be proud of. The sentiment, which I am about to offer, would have appeared much better, coming from the Chair, and I hope to be excused for anticipating you. I will also ask pardon of the distinguished gentleman to whom I allude, for the liberty which I have taken, but he has contributed so much to the pleasure of the evening that I could do no less.

I offer you—Her Majesty's Consul, THOMAS COLLEY GRATTAN, Esq. We hail him with "*Cead meela faltha.*"*

By ROBERT HAMILTON. *Charity*—whose altar is in Heaven. May its holy flame be enkindled on the *altars* of our HEARTS—diffusing its incense of *universal love* to all, whom sickness may visit, poverty depress, or sorrow assail.

The Vice-President then proposed the health of Mr. Edmund Grattan, "the worthy son of a noble sire," who returned thanks in the following terms:

Mr. Vice-President,—The unexpected honor you have done me in thus kindly proposing my health, and the manner in which it has been received by the company, though I cannot but feel that it has been conferred upon me in consequence of my relationship to another, rather than to any merit of my own, is extremely gratifying to me. As it has, however, never been sufficiently proved that a son should

* Ten thousand welcomes.

be answerable for the merits as well as the sins of his father, I beg leave to take shelter under his wing, hoping that the sentiments he has uttered this evening will be considered as sufficient for us both. Let me therefore conclude, gentlemen, with the expression of my heart-felt gratitude for the compliment which you have paid me.

The President here observed, that a bird so young who could soar so high, no longer needs the shelter of the parent's wing, on occasions like this.

By David Haggerston. The blunt honesty of the English, the wit and gallantry of the Irish, the intelligence and perseverance of the Scotch—the best materials of the Old World to make good citizens of the New.

By James Kelt. *Great Britain and Ireland.*—Bound together by mutual interests. May humanity correct all their divisions and wisdom and integrity give strength and stability to their union.

By James Kelt, Jr.—*The Tartans.*—The ancient garb of honor and chivalry, an emblematical sign, pointing to the noble deeds of our ancestors.

On Mr. Grattan being called on for a sentiment, he expressed his regret at not being prepared with one in set terms, worthy of the occasion. But he would avail himself of his privilege to propose a toast, and he gave with much pleasure the health of the President, whose frank and gentlemanly bearing in the chair had contributed so largely to the convivial enjoyments of the day, and whose character and conduct added so much to the respectability of the Society of which he was the head.

William H. Wilson rose and said—Gentlemen, I feel somewhat confused, and perplexed for terms to express my thanks for the honor which has just been done me. I had flattered myself that nothing more would be required of me this evening than reading some of the toasts, and announcing the names of the distinguished gentlemen who have honored us with their presence and speeches. But when the gentleman on my right (Mr. Grattan) requested you to rise, and at the same time saying that I must be

seated, I felt that something was about to be said, which, however gratifying it might be to my pride, caused a pain in my head; and I know of no better way to cure it and relieve you than by taking my seat. Gentlemen, accept my thanks, and allow me to drink, to your individual healths and happiness.

On Mr. Grattan's retiring, the chair rose and said,—Gentlemen, Mr. Grattan has retired. He is a whole-souled man, free from all pride of place, affectation, or prejudice—may he long remain among us.

I give you, gentlemen, with all the honors, health and happiness to Thomas Colley Grattan.

Mr. John Harris Smith, in a few brief and pertinent remarks, paid a handsome compliment to the commercial activity and energy of Scotch merchants, particularly those of the ancient and flourishing city of Aberdeen, and offered the following sentiment:—

The Merchants of Scotland—Distinguished alike for their hospitality, enterprise and intelligence.

When W. S. Skinner, Esq. retired, the chair observed that he was an old friend, always willing and ready with his time and money to help the distressed. May he long live to be a help indeed to the needy.

When Mr. O'Callaghan had retired, the chair remarked that the sentiments which he had expressed this evening, did honor to his heart and head, and closed by giving his health, with all the honors.

By John L. Millar, Vice President. *The Independence of Scotland*—May it be as lasting as the blue mist that encircles her mountains.

The festivities of the evening closed at half past eleven, when the society adjourned, after having spent a social and agreeable evening.

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be bless'd with health, and peace, and sweet content.

The following are the *Acting Members* of the Society.

Andrew Ritchie,
John Millar, *Weston.*
Wm. H. Wilson,
Thomas Gordon,
Alexander Meldrum, *Lowell.*
James Crighton,
John L. Millar,
James Anderson,
William Mitchell,
James Kelt,
David Miller,
William Miller,
James Archer,
James Paul,
Alexander McLellan,
George S. Meldrum,
John W. Wilson,
James Schooler,
David Haggerston, *Watertown.*
James Farquhasen,
Alexander Wright, *Lowell.*
Peter Lawson,
J. W. Russell, *Watertown.*
Thomas Lighton,
Lechmere Point.
James Kelt, jr.
William Cowan, *Brookline.*
J. Bryce,
Matthew Clark,
Andrew Halliburton,
William Lighton,
Lechmere Point.
J. Simpson,
Michael Thompson,
George Miller,
James P. Gordon,
George S. Kelt,
George Watson,
Walter M Bayne,
Robert Hamilton,
Thomas Lighton, jr.
Lechmere Point.
John Schooler, *Cambridge.*
William Schooler, "
Robert Schooler, "
James Marsh,
John Morrison,
John Wilson,
E. S. Ritchie,
J. Ritchie,
John Donald,
John Lighton,
James F. Cameron,
John Mills,
George Watson.

Honorary Members.

Thomas C. Grattan,
George Combe,
Edinburgh, Scotland.
John Tillson,
Edmund A. Grattan,